

## OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

FROM WOMAN'S  
POINT OF VIEW

One who loves peace and quiet must be very sorry for the rich and fashionable who are on the perpetual move. It is hard to live in one trunk, but harder still to live in a dozen, and to be expected to kill time in a merry fashion when one is bored to death is not a desirable outlook. A fashionable life means hours spent in dressing, hours in the society of people for whom there is not a particle of affection; distasteful duties and in unquenchable restlessness. There is nothing to envy in the life of a woman who has money and position.

Money is a desirable thing and will buy a beautiful life. There are men and women who prove it, by living a life in which luxury is only an incident. They are cultivated, charming people, with deep affections and kind hearts, and the world knows little about them because they avoid notoriety like the pestilence. You do not often find them in the heart of large cities, but in suburbs and villages and towns, where they are safe from prying eyes. Nobody knows how much property they own till the time for dividing it arrives. Then there is some surprise over the desire for quiet which can hide millions from the public eye.

It is said that society columns in newspapers are mostly read by the humble, hard-working classes, or rather the women of that class. It is only the natural curiosity concerning a life of which they know nothing—few of them have the least desire to try it. An occasional woman thinks of the things she might buy with the price of a frock worn on a single occasion and then discarded. I doubt if many of them feel a thrill of envy for motor cars, steam yachts and airships—I fancy they get more real enjoyment from a trolley ride into the country or a rowboat on a river. I know that a picnic is the acme of joy in many families.

If we could only appreciate our blessings we would increase our happiness. A matron of my acquaintance passed thirty-odd years of a potted existence before she came to a realizing sense of her good fortune. Somebody enticed her into charity work, and being of an enthusiastic nature she did a good deal of the unpleasant work of the club to which she belonged. The misery she met, day after day, opened her eyes to the advantages which she had accepted as a matter of course. She has ceased to wish for the unattainable, to strive in emulation of her neighbors, and is playing Lady Bountiful in the village where she lives like a queen, in the eyes of her admiring proteges. She is happier than she has ever been before, yet her former friends speak of her in pitying tones, as one lost to the world. Even her periodical appearances in her old haunts do not convince them that she is as happy as she looks, for they have not found happiness with all their resources—it shows plainly in their discontented faces.

BETTY BRADEN.

## COOL SUMMER BLOUSES OF SILK.

When selecting the summer wardrobe one should not forget to provide a few cool and dainty little blouses of some soft, washable material for wear during a hot afternoon.

China or Japanese silk are very appropriate materials for such waists, for it is very cool and comfortable and launders beautifully.

These silks come in every color and it is an easy matter to obtain shades harmonizing with the skirt with which it is to be worn. White silk blouses with a fine color stripe are very neat and trim looking with a ponce or tussor suit the color of the stripe.

One smart looking blouse was made with inch wide plaits, back and front, and stitched on the edges, and finished simply with flat pearl buttons.

A dainty blouse of lavender and white stripe was made with graduated tucks formed into a yoke effect in front, in which the lavender effect predominated.

A light, fluffy look is given by the employment of a pleated frill down the front.

Where the blouses have not attachable collars, they are worn with embroidered linen ones, finished with dainty lace jabots.

The new cotton crepe is also made into blouses that are a joy and comfort to the wearers, especially for those who travel in their motor cars and have to condense their baggage in clever ways.

For, besides packing into the smallest space (it cannot crush), it may be washed out in a hand basin and rough dried, and look just right, as its life in life is to look crinkly rather than smooth.

Of course, most of us would choose such a blouse in white cotton crepe; but, all the same, one in a beige shade seemed, for a motor trip, with all its incidental dust, quite ideal.

It looked remarkably pretty, too, with a nice little Peter Pan collar of the crepe edged with a finely gossamer frill of Alençon lace exactly matching, which little detail was repeated down the pleat in front.

Other sweet little cotton crepe blouses are in the new purple, in Japanese blue, and a pretty blue green.

There is something very winsome and becoming about the blouse and the shirt of cotton crepe, something attractive in the texture of these, and that gauziness which, it seems, fashion will not forsake.

They who like to have blouses to match in color their coats and skirts cannot do better just now than to have these in cotton crepe.

If the color be not available in the ordinary color of the draper, one can buy some that is white, and send it to the dyer along with a pattern of the cloth or serge, or whatever it may be, of the costume to be matched.

## BREEZES FROM FANLAND.

From the New York Tribune.

The present fashionable fans are very small.

They are painted in Watteau designs and have sandalwood or pearl sticks.

Big ostrich feather fans are seen again, after a long period of obscurity.

The small ones have been revived also, reminding one forcibly of the drawing room cabinets they were wont to adorn.

These are made in fretted ivory.

This is an impractical idea of old Dame Fashion's, but she is usually confining in her notions when it comes to usefulness and beauty.

One of the most exquisite features of the fans of any period is to have them scented.

Sandalwood is one of the most delicate of all scents.

Little squares of this may be purchased at the chemist's and put in the fan or glove box.

Or else a bag of good sachet powder may be used.

The fans of spangled gauze are out in full force at all the counters.

Special chains are attached to them, and match the designs of the fan in color.

## MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

## ON LETTERS TO YOUR FRIENDS.



Ruth Cameron.

Two or three times I have had the experience of visiting some one of my correspondents and finding my letters strewn around the house, sometimes fluttering about without even an envelope to guard their privacy.

Naturally, since then I have made it a practice to write letters that are as general and impersonal as they are interesting.

If you must read a letter aloud, it is a positive duty to your correspondent to first read it over to yourself.

It may be that an experience I once had is partially accountable for my wariness on this subject.

I very much suspect it is. But before you condemn me for being unduly influenced, listen and see if you wouldn't be, too.

I once wrote a letter to a girl friend telling her about a little matter which I was not willing to have made public just then. I wrote in very much of a hurry, and when I wrote in a hurry I must admit that I am a notoriously illegible penman.

The next week I got a letter saying: "Isn't it lovely. Congratulations, etc., etc. I guess you must have been in an awful hurry when you wrote, for I simply could not read the last sentence. I showed the letter to every one in the family and to almost every one that came in, and they all read the first part of the letter—and send congratulations, my dear, but they simply could not read the last sentence."

With a feeling half way betwixt indignation and amusement I recalled that last sentence: "I have told you because I promised that you should be the first to know, but don't tell any one else whatsoever." RUTH CAMERON.

## LATEST FASHIONS.



2955

MISS'ES AND GIRLS' SEMI-PRINCESS, WITH GUIMPE.  
Paris Pattern No. 2955  
All Seams Allowed.

Heavy white linen was used for this stylish dress. Tucks on the shoulder at the front and back, stitched to nearly bust depth, give the necessary fullness to the waist portion, and the skirt is attached to the waist under a narrow belt of the material, trimmed with lightning cotton braid, similar braid trimming the pointed yoke-band. The separate guimpe is developed in dotted Swiss, the round Dutch neck and long tucked sleeves finished with a narrow edging of Valenciennes lace. The pattern is in 5 sizes—9 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the dress requires 5 1/2 yards of material 36 inches wide, 5 yards 27 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 24 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide; the guimpe needs 3 yards 13 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide or 1 1/2 yards 42 inches wide; 1 1/2 yards of edging.

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## RULES OF THE GAME.

The little girls in the world that are playing that game! And don't want to! Playing it with heartaches and hot tears in the night, and youth's forgetting, smiling face in the daytime.

It's the same little game she played when she was a thin-legged, pig-tailed little girl. "Heavy, heavy, heavy hangs over thy head!" "Fine, or superfine!" Only this is in bitter earnest.

It's the little curtain-raiser that goes before the big drama. And the clustering audience of curly-haired fellows that are the biggest bunch among the people who look on the big dramas in life, weep and grind their teeth and hiss and bite their hands in their disgust.

There are enough tragedies following after when the curtain-raiser is one of our own connections—but this is awful. It won't end up right—and we like our ending the Happy-ever-after kind. We like our villain dead when we sigh and pin on our hat and go up the aisle.

But the play goes on. And the villain in the play here is the mother. A rare and monstrous thing out of all that wonderful and divine race called mothers. God forgot something when He made her.

She's kind sometimes—but blind—and has forgotten about when she was a young thing and went to the man she wanted, and not any other. Maybe tied up her little clothes and turned porch-climber to do it.

And this rare breed ties up her girls' eyes, and with a dotting eye cast on the other rare breed and his sack that holds his round iron dollars, or perhaps his family, or maybe his coronet, and dangles him over her head. And when the maid in the game ventures "fine or superfine" the lady mother always answers extravagantly, "superfine."

And the curly-haired fellows shake their fists and make donkey's ears.

## HAVE YOU SEEN THIS?

From the New York Tribune.

A woman in a dressing sack and her hair in curl papers, and otherwise in the attire sometimes considered permissible for a 100-year dash from the house to the corner, entered an Arch street grocery the other morning with an air of considerable haste.

"I'm in a dreadful hurry," she announced.

The grocer paused in his task of filling baskets for the forenoon delivery, and went up front.

"I haven't got a minute to spare," went on the woman, "and I want to buy something in a hurry."

"What will it be, lady?" said the grocer. "Now, what do I want?" she murmured, as if it were a game. "What do I want?" And she drummed on a showcase with her fingers.

A sickly look crept into the grocer's face. He recognized the type. "I've got 8 cents to spend," chattered the woman, "and I want to be waited on in a hurry."

"Yes'm," replied the grocer. "How much are vinegar pickles?" He told her.

"Is this good lettuce?" she said, flitting over to another counter. The grocer followed with lenden feet.

"I think I'll take 3 cents' worth of jelly roll and a bag of peanuts. Are they nice peanuts?" They were so nice, the grocer informed her, that he often fed them to the squirrel.

"There is no better judge of a nut," said he, "than a squirrel."

"Oh, what am I thinking of?" she said, as he started to wrap up her purchases. "What I really want is a half dozen sausages and some wieners, and don't give them to me unless they are fresh from the bakery."

Then, after looking round and almost changing her mind again, she added: "That isn't exactly what I wanted, but I'm in such a hurry." And then she kept him waiting five minutes until she unknotted the 8 cents from the corner of a damp gray handkerchief.

## LEATHER NOVELTIES.

All sorts of odd things are offered at the counter where leather is sold.

A music roll which opens to display various little pockets for toilet articles is one of the latest ideas in traveling conveniences.

A ferocious looking claw with real nails in it does duty as an ink well and match striker.

There are all manner of portfolios and writing pads, furnished with the necessary things wherewith to write.

Purses of alligator skin and handbags of the same material are popular with modish women.

Burnt leather plaques are pretty adornments for a mantelpiece or den.

Some have a rod across on which to hang neckties and others have compartments for pipes.

## As Usual.

He—What did you discuss at your debating club this afternoon?

She—Nothing. We just talked.

## THE OPTIMIST COLUMN.

Thoughts on "Home."  
Contributions by members of The Washington Herald Optimist Club.

Amid the pleasures and joys of life,  
Where we can rest free from strife,  
And where all needful blessings be,  
Home is the dearest place for me.

When on our journey far away  
It matters not how bright the day,  
The sweetest thoughts as we roam  
Are surely those of our own home.

Where we look for a resting place  
After we are weary in life's race,  
And have reached the highest dome  
Is always to our own dear home.

We can make the environment  
That will give us most enjoyment,  
And see blessings in the reflection  
If we have the home protection.

We may like to go away for a day,  
But we're glad to shorten the stay,  
For the wish that is our main  
Is to get on the homeward train.

In youth home is the guiding star,  
We light shines near and far,  
In manhood we are in our prime,  
And the home life is sublime.

In middle age we think of home,  
And care not for to roam;  
In old age home is a treasure,  
And its value we cannot measure.

Home is one of the dearest places,  
And is prized most by all races;  
The thoughts of which we cannot mar  
For the gate always stands ajar.

CHARLES FRANCIS GLASS.

Huntsville, Md.

Home! How deep a spell that little word contains. It is the circle in which our purest and best affections move and concentrate themselves, the hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth gathers the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon. It is childhood's temple and manhood's shrine—the ark of the past and future.

M. JANE MOOR.

230 G street northwest.  
Sweet home! Dear home! On the northern heather;  
On the sunniest southern dale;  
The Lapland hut in its wintry weather,  
The tent of the Indian maid.

Be it gorgeous wealth our temple is dressed in;  
Be it poor and of little worth,  
O home, our home—a home to rest in,  
Is the dearest thing on earth.

—MORFORD.

79 S street northwest.  
Six things are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted with cheerful, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day. While on all this the optimist is an glory nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Mrs. ANNA J. BOGDAN.

335 North Carolina avenue southeast.

The Optimist vs. the Pessimist.  
The pessimist hesitates and loses both time and opportunity; the optimist makes the best of everything now and builds himself up, steadily and surely, until all adversity is overcome and the object in view realized. The pessimist curls his attention upon failure; the optimist gives his all thought and power to the attainment of success, and arouses his faculties and forces to the highest point of efficiency. The pessimist waits for better times, and expects to keep on waiting. The optimist goes to work with the best that is at hand now and proceeds to create better times. The optimist is an inspiration to everybody; the pessimist is a wet blanket. The pessimist pours cold water on the fires of his own ability; the optimist adds fuel to those fires. A pessimist, when he goes to sleep, to everything that is losing ground; the optimist lives, thinks, and works with everything that is determined to press on. The pessimist places a damper on everything; the optimist gives life, fire, and goes to everything. The optimist attracts everything.

WILLIAM WOLFLEY.

The De Soto.

FOR THE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

These words are not for the big sister, who wears her hair up, and can wear a train if she wants to; they are for the little sister, who is having her summer vacation, and does not quite know what to do with herself.

I know just how she feels, for you know I was a little girl once myself, and all my relatives take pleasure in telling me that, when I was good, I was really a nice little girl, but that when I was bad—dear me, when I was bad I was, well just about as bad as the little girl with the curl in the middle of her forehead.

But little girls don't have to be horrid even when they are asked to wash the dishes or mind the baby. These are two of the things that you hate to do, aren't they?

But you must bear in mind, dear, all the days that mother has washed dishes and minded babies.

See if her little schoolgirl daughter can't be a comfort to her during the holidays.

Try and help your mother and learn to be as good a woman as she is.

Some day you will be as grown up as your big sisters, and have pretty clothes and beaux and all sorts of excitements, but in the meantime you are only a little girl, don't forget that. If you want to be a nice big girl you must begin by being a nice little girl.

If you live your natural span of life you will be a big girl and a woman, great many years, but the precious years of childhood fly quickly, and then come responsibilities and many heartaches and longings for the little girl days.

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## S. KANN-SONS &amp; CO. 8th ST. &amp; PA. AVE. "THE BUSY CORNER"

## EXTRAORDINARY PURCHASE

Silk—Linen—Lingerie

## DRESSES

worth \$12.50, \$15, \$19.75, and \$22

\$5.98

About five hundred to choose from. More than half are just one and two of a kind. We found in the hands of a New York maker a big overstock and got them at our own price. To these we have added nearly 200 odd Dresses from our own stock, which have been reduced to \$5.98. The sale in point of merit has not been surpassed by any offering this season. Here are a few hints of what's in the sale for you:

## Taffeta dresses—

In black and white, brown and white, blue and white, and green and white striped effects.

## Lingerie dresses—

90 of them, all of models sold regularly at \$22. Another, is chiefly of lace, with panel of embroidery down front and back, giving charming princess effect. Haven't had a dress under \$25 this season so elaborately fashioned of lace.

## 1-piece linen dresses—

Some braided, some trimmed with self straps, some buttoned entirely down the front.

## Foulard dresses—

Numerous styles of foulard silks, majority made with net yokes.

## One-of-a-kind dresses—

Among these will be found most effective models of messaline silks, satins, and pongees.

## FLOWER PALATE TICKLERS.

## Roses, Violets, and Orange Blossoms